

## DAILY SENTINEL

**INDIANAPOLIS.**  
**Thursday Morning, March 11, 1858.**  
**INDIANAPOLIS R. R. TIME TABLE**  
*Trains Arrive and Depart from Union Passenger  
Station as follows:*

LAFAYETTE RAILROAD.	
Trains Leave.	Trains Arrive.
7:00 A. M. ....	7:10 A. M.
12:05 P. M. ....	2:10 P. M.
9:30 P. M. ....	6:10 P. M.
TERRE HAUTE RAILROAD.	
Trains Leave.	Trains Arrive.
7:35 A. M. ....	12:05 A. M.
19:05 P. M. ....	6:30 A. M.
11:30 P. M. ....	

BELLEFONTAINE RAILROAD LINE.	
Trains Leave.	Trains Arrive
1:30 A. M. ....	7:35 A. M.
7:00 A. M. ....	11:15 A. M.
1:45 P. M. ....	11:30 P. M.

INDIANA CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Trains Leave.		Trains Arrive.	
1:30 A. M.	.....	12:40 A. M.	.....
7:00 A. M.	.....	12:00 M.	.....
1:30 P. M.	.....	10:30 P. M.	.....
MADISON AND INDIANAPOLIS RAILROAD.			
Trains Leave.		Trains Arrive.	
12:00 M.	.....	11:00 A. M.	.....
PERRI AND INDIANAPOLIS RAILROAD.			
Trains Leave.		Trains Arrive.	
3:30P. M.	.....	1:30 P. M.	.....

INDIANAPOLIS AND CINCINNATI RAILROAD.	
Trains Leave.	Trains Arrive
7:00 A. M. ....	4:50 A. M.
1:20 P. M. ....	11:25 A. M.
6:30 P. M. ....	8:50 P. M.
JEFFERSONVILLE RAILROAD.	
Trains Leave.	Trains Arrive
4:00 A. M. ....	11:45 A. M.
7:20 A. M. ....	4:35 P. M.

**A Sham Duel at Pittsburgh.**  
The inhabitants of the "Coal Smoked City" will indulge in a little fun sometimes. Friday last two well known citizens named W. C. Murphy, a merchant, and Capt. Hunter, fell out and determined to settle their differences by a resort

After some difficulty it was arranged to fight with shot guns—time, five o'clock; place, Collins Park, near East Liberty. Umpires were chosen, and a medical attendant engaged. Subsequently pistols were substituted for shot guns.

parties to stand with their backs to each other at distance ten paces, and to fire at the word "three." At the appointed hour the parties and their friends were on the ground. Both were stripped to the shirt, the sleeves of which were rolled up, the ground measured off, the pistols prepared and placed in the hands of the antagonists, and the signal given for the combat.

The seconds primed the weapons—the word was again given—the pistols were discharged, and Capt. Hunter fell, the blood streaming from his face. Murphy took a look at his fallen adversary, and started off, but soon returned, ex-

claiming "I have killed him—O, God! I have killed him, I knew I was a dead shot!" Taking one last lingering look at his fellow foe he left the ground in quick haste—hurried to the city and surrendered himself to the authorities, but was released on promising to appear for a subsequent examination. The parties soon after arrived in the city.

The supposed 'joke,' or 'sell' of this affair is contained in the fact that there was a tacit understanding between the seconds, who procured a bottle of vermilion, and on the road to our Pittsburgh Bladenburg informed Capt. Hunter that the duel was to be bloodless, and initiated him into the plans they had formed—to which he readily assented. When the shots were fired.

Hunter fell—his second applied the vermilion—Murphy was certain he had killed his man—cleared the field, and Hunter got up, and with his friends returned to the city."

A HAPPY EDITOR.—George W. Kendall, one of the proprietors of the *New Orleans Picayune*,

owns large estates in Texas. Writing to a friend in Boston, he describes his mode of life as follows:—

“You may, perhaps, wish to learn the mode and manner of my life heretoways; let me enlighten you. Three days in the week I ordinarily pass at my rancho here, three or four miles from

New Brunfels, with my family; two days I spend at the Estancia, a place of mine, thirty miles west, and where my flock of sheep are pastured; and the other two days I am on the road backwards or forwards, my conveyance an old Jersey wagon, with two trusty horses. There is one gap of eight miles on the road without a house, and another of twelve, yet the way is not lonesome. I

never pass over it without seeing an abundance of deer, turkey, ducks, patridges and the like; I carry alongside me a double-barrel gun, a Sharpe's rifle and one of Colt's revolvers, and some kind of game is sure to grace my wagon both going and coming.

"My sheep now number some 3,000, and finer flocks you never set eyes upon. In May I hope

to be able to count upwards of 4,000 as my lambs come in April. I have, besides, a fine gang of brood mares, besides some forty cows, and like the elder Mr. Norval, "to feed my flock and in crease my store" is now "my constant care."—Did I not once tell you that I had much rather see my lambs skipping upon the hills and playing in the valleys than to witness the pirouettes and

entrechats of the best corps de ballet that ever existed? If I did not say as much to you, it is nevertheless true. I have seen a good deal in my day, Jim—the world, the elephant, &c.—but never saw anything which afforded so much real enjoyment as my flocks, when doing well. And since I have been here on the spot in person, now almost a day or two. I have had extraordinary good

“I never sell a ewe or anything which produces. I have pasture for 20,000 sheep and any number of horses and cattle; and to see all this space cover-

ed is now what I am working for. I don't bother my mind a moment about Kansas, or Brigham Young, or politics of any kind—don't care who is President—fear God and hate the Indians—I am indifferent about Walker and the devil—try to keep my feet warm and head cool—and smoke my pipe in peace with all mankind.

"Here, notwithstanding we occasionally have a

I am now writing on this 1st January, A.D. 1858, sitting in my shirt sleeves, doors and windows wide open, no fire, and robins and other summer birds singing in the green live oaks of my yard. Think of that, all muffled up as you are, and weep. And then here among the mountains we have no fevers, no chills, no consumption.

tion, no sickness of any kind. There's a balm in Texas."—*Boston Post*.

---

**How Washington Behaved when He was in the Wrong.**

An incident in the Virginians, representing Washington as ready to accept a challenge, has

" In 1754, Washington was stationed at Alexandria with his regiment, the only one of the colony, of which he was Colonel. There happened to be at this time an election in the town

for members of the Assembly, and the contest ran high between Colonel George Fairfax and Mr. Elzy. Washington was a firm friend of Colonel Fairfax, and Mr. Payne headed the friends of Mr. Elzy. A dispute taking place in the Court House yard, Washington at this time not twenty-two years of age, contrary to his usual manner, took credit and that was still more unbecom-

became dangerous, and when the affair was over, the common, said something that offended Mr. Payne, whereupon the little gentleman, who "though but a cub in size," raised his sturdy bickory, and by a single blow brought Washington to the ground.

was supposed that there would be murder off-hand. To make bad worse, the members of the regiment hearing how their commander had been treated, bolted out of the barracks, every man with his weapon, threatening vengeance on those who dared to knock down their beloved Colonel.













